virtually impossible.

Johnny also gave DEANE an old cell-phone for the purpose, but all he got back was a placebo number. Whenever Johnny dialed the placebo number, at least in DEANE'S company, DEANE pretended the phone was BROKEN or at home in his dirty shorts.

Once JOHNNY caught DEANE with his phone out, like catching him with his pants down Johny supposed, so Johnny texted. DEANE cupped the phone in both hands so he could read the MESSAGE ALERT in the sunlight, but THERE WASN'T ONE!

He could sooner have reached him in the spirit realm.

Sorry to do this to you, JOHNNY!

Deane was his type....

Johnny provided beer, because it was his place.

JOHNNY reminded DEANE that he (Johnny) was a THING STREET STUMBLEBUM, an INDIGENT FAGGOT.

DEANE said he must have saved up all month for beer. In fact, Johnny had saved up. He withdrew his last $40 and lived for 2 weeks on cold-cuts. He stapled copies of his WITHDRAWAL SLIP to THING STREET telephone poles, along with advertisments for his book. No one read either.

Deane didn't read telephone poles.

He didn't have to read anything, to know that MAD people lived paltry cheque to cheque. Life was mainly famine.

But DEANE came to Johnny's place, and they drank beer. DEANE had a house, several cars, a boat, an expensive bicycle, and a lot of other toys. He complained that none of them worked. Climate change meant no wind for his sail-boat and no snow for skiing, his hot-tub was broken, his bicycle had a flat, etc.

DEANE would bring a few or he'd offer to pay, then realize he'd forgotten his wallet, etc. His girl kept him on an allowance.....

DEANE wanted Johnny to censor his criticism of MAX and the rest, whom he characterized as selfless advocates, great guys.

They worked the system and took care of themselves. Johnny never VOTED for them.

DEANE had been working for $CAMH too long....

He got Johnny to like him (which wasn't hard), then filled his head with bromides and his ass with antipsychotics. The bromides, like C. LAMPRINI EEL's stupid *ONE DAY YOUR MENTAL ILLNESS WILL BE TREATED JUST LIKE MY POLYPS* schtick, or PRAETORIUS's *IMAGINE, NOW EVEN YOU CAN GET A JOB AT OUR NEW OUT OF THE WORLD CAFÉ*, wore off before the antipsychotics, and left fewer side-effects except for slight disappointment for the very naïve.

Johnny supposed he shouldn't judge a noble enterprise by one working stiff, but he'd known numerous $CAMH stiffs over the years....